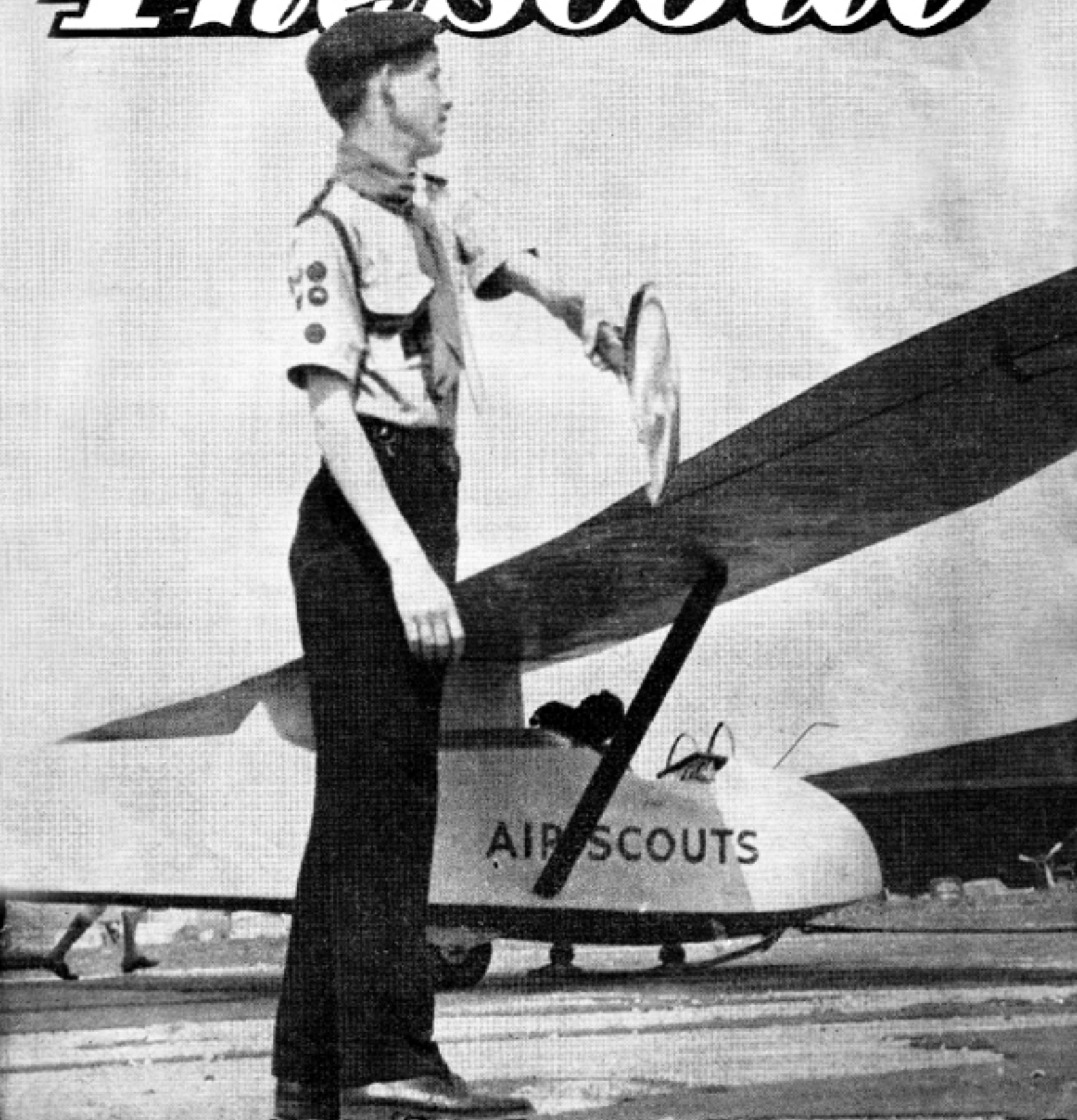


The Scout



Week ending 7th July 1962 EVERY FRIDAY 6d

The EDITOR writes

25 Buckingham Palace Road,
London S.W.1
July 1962

My Dea, Brother Scouts,

MAY you have a happy, busy, imaginative Summer Camp in which you have sunny hours of enjoyment well as plenty of opportunities to become better campers and really good cooks - and I hope, too, to pass some tests which will take you forward along the Scouting Trail - And don't forget to write home. Here is the way one Camp solved this difficulty by having these cyclostyled beforehand and all the Scout has to do is to cross out the lines he thinks he'd like to cross out. Why not try it - Or something like it?

Your Friend and Brother Scout.

Rex Hazlewood.

Dear.....

You will be glad to know I have

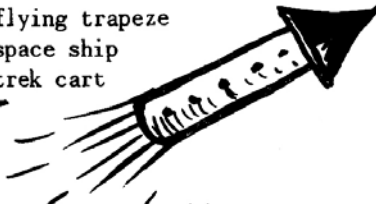


arrived
got lost
gone under
been confiscated by the Customs



We came by

boat
flying trapeze
space ship
trek cart



and I was

sea sick
home sick
love sick
sick of it all



In Holland they wear

clogs
winkle pickers
gum boots
bells on their toes



and they speak

Flemish
Double Dutch
nicely, like me
balderdash



On the journey I saw many

windmills
canals
bicycles
pretty girls



and tonight I am going to

the pictures
camp fire
play cards
buy some fish and chips



The weather
has been

sunny
dry and cold
wet and warm
simply awful



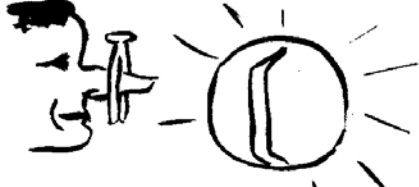
but now the



sun
moon
my little light
my nose

is shining
can't be seen

When I come home I will bring you



a dutch cheese
a windmill
one tulip bulb
ME, as I've no cash left



So until then give my love to

Dad
Mum
all the boys
the girl next door

X X X X

From you

obedient Scout
darling boy
respectful employee
mucky son

One of the B-P. Boys

He's learnt how to make a trapper's (ire,

He knows every knot that's tied.

He's wise in the ways of bird and beast

And the things of the countryside.

He can pitch a tent, he can cook a meal;

He's cheery and weather-tanned.

Trouble, accident, people hurt?

He's there and lending a hand.

And no one bullies anyone small

If it's known he's somewhere about.

You must have met him a score of times:

He's the boy next door - and a SCOUT!

- G. BRIGGS

Seven Steps to Good Scouting

1. To all those who "can't be bothered", to be bothered about things and events.

2. To those who never have the good manners to let their Scouters know that they will not be at a parade or event, to do so in the future.

3. To those who always complain, to do something about that which they are complaining.

4. To those who lack in decision and enthusiasm, to be more decisive and enthusiastic.

5. To those who always leave it to others, to do something for themselves.

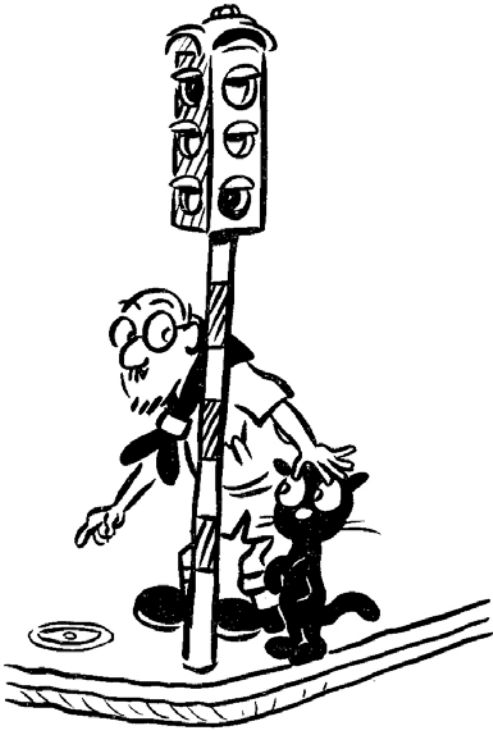
6. To those who haven't passed a badge or a test for such a long time, to make the effort this summer.

7. To those who always have an excuse for not doing anything, at least to think up some new ones!

Sign Here!!

says

JACK "Tracker-Jack" BLUNT



"Oh, yes," piped up Ginger. "What sort of signs did you have in mind? Traffic signs? We have a wonderful assortment of those. You name it, well find it Or perhaps you'd prefer Pub signs. Does your Mum know that you have taken to drink so early in life?"

"No! I don't mean anything like that I mean just *SIGN*. Like B.-P. talks about in 'Scouting for Boys'!"

"Let us," said Neddy Tumblewash, "go out and look for SIGN!!"

The effect on the Court of Honour was fantabulous. In fact, they could not have looked more amazed if I had said that it was my turn to buy the ice-cream after the meeting.

Being new to the C.O.H., Neddy was full of brilliant ideas, most of them a bit odd at first sight, but strangely enough, quite workable by the time we had got them sorted out into our sort of currency. This one seemed to be about the maddest and most unworkable of the lot - since we happen to reside in the midst of what might be called a fairly large town. I suppose you would call London a fairly large town, wouldn't you?

After a moment of silence, the C.O.H. all came to the same decision, and that was that the best thing to do would be to humour the poor lad.



He was off up the road.



The effects on the C.O.H. was fantabulous

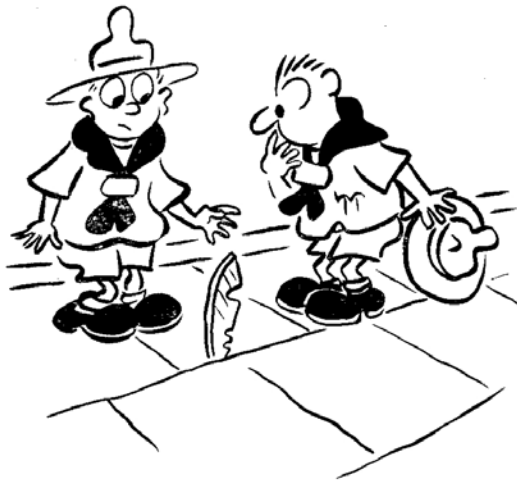
A hushed silence fell upon the assembled P.L.'s. and Seconds. Here was a lad who had been doing a bit of reading, and knowledge, as we all know, is power.

"Well, all right then," said Ginger, suitably abashed. "What sort of sign?"

"Oh, I don't know. Any sort of sign we can find, I suppose. Like fur from wild animals sticking to boulders where they have brushed past, and horses hoof prints in the snow and all that sort of thing."

Since the windows stood wide open in a 'yarn attempt to catch a breath of fresh air on this particularly hot summer's night, and so far no ferocious beasts had bothered to snarl, growl or roar, this last bit of speech put the suggestion right back into the realms of the ridiculous. And there it would have remained, except that, by a peculiar chance, the next item on the agenda happened to be "Long Speech by Skip" so that settles it!

We went out to look for sign! Whoopee!!



What's this old tent peg doing?

SPOOR OLD JOE

"This is marvellous!" said Fatty. "Do you suppose that we shall find the pug marks of a rogue Taxi cab chasing a Singer Gazelle, or perhaps a Jaguar climbing a tree after a Humber Hawk? If we do, I shall wave a Standard Pennant or something."

"Hello! What's this old tent peg doing in the middle of the pavement? Who'd be carrying a thing like that around with them?" He was about to throw it over the Park railings when Freddy Single finger of the Lions whipped it out of his hand and said, "Here! Wait a minute. That's one of mine - look, there's two notches on it. I put two notches on all of my tent pegs since the Panthers helped themselves to a few last Whitsun."

"I deny that, and anyway, it's obvious that you can't look after your gear if you leave it hanging around all over the neighbourhood," said Fatty.

"But, I don't. It's safely locked up back in H.Q. - or is it?" said Freddy looking long and hard at Ned.

But Neddy didn't notice. He was off up the road after another peg lying under a hedge.

The C.O.H. was after him like a shot. The hunt was obviously up. Someone had been pinching our gear!!

TALLY HO!

By the time that we had covered the next two miles, we had collected, apart from the interested and amazed stares of a large number of passers-by, three billy handles, six small pieces of sisal, the top of a plastic



**Fred
came
clean**

water bottle, four metal tent pegs and a woggle WHICH WE KNEW BELONGED TO NONE OTHER THAN FRED PHANACKERPAN!

This last item, we had discovered not less than, one hundred yards from the known lair of the dread Fred.

The solution, my dear Watson, was obvious! But was the evidence enough to go bursting in on this former pillar of honesty and accuse him outright of lifting our hard-earned belongings? Would the evidence stand up in court? And especially in a Court of Honour?

We needed something final! Something a little more concrete!

Who do you suppose found it? Why! None other than dear old Neddy Tumblewash himself, for there, adhering to the rough surfaces of Fred's gate post were tiny strands of hessian from our lat. screen. The case was solved! Hooray!!

GUILTY M'LUD

Of course, Fred came clean. More than that. He came across with two dozen assorted cream buns and six bottles of fizz that he just happened to have ordered in case we dropped in.

One thing that the C.O.H. still don't know, even to this very day, is that Fred and Ned and I planned it all between us.

Oh, yes! Neddy's nutty. But not that nutty. Are you Neddy?

**Practise
making
your
bed
with
blanket
pins**



DON'T GO AWAY!!

When I say "Don't go away", what I mean is don't go away to Summer Camp.

No! I don't think that is what I mean.

What I'm trying to say is: don't go away to Summer Camp without practice. Practise everything. Practise cooking, tent pitching, fire lighting, making your bed with blanket pins, singing (for the camp fire) washing up (Mum will be pleased), washing in cold water (very arduous), and you might even practise getting up early for a change! Double whoopee!!

Whatever makes you think that all of them things are suddenly going to come easy to you once you get away to camp?

Do you suppose that your Patrol Leader would be as clever as he is at all these things if he didn't practice practise, practise?

Get started NOW!

*Every Scout who goes to CAMP
should have with him:*

*The Patrol Goes to Camp
The Scouts' 'Cook Book
Lightweight Cooking*

*1/- each (plus 2d. postage) from any Scout Shop.
GET THEM NOW*

HERONS

QUEST

by

Leighton Houghton

FOR NEW READERS: Due to an outbreak of chicken-pox and their S.M. suddenly directed to a job out of the district, the plans for Whitsun Camp have to be cancelled. As a substitute a treasure hunt type of expedition is enthusiastically welcomed. Pip, Mac and Berny of the Heron Patrol and Trevor, the Owl's Tenderfoot, combine to make preparations. The Herons agree that Trevor's cousin Carl, who is also a Scout, may join them. Obtaining their instructions, the party camp for the first night in a paddock. Berny decides to obtain a flashlight photo of an owl. Returning to the camp-site he surprises an intruder behind the tent in which Pip and Mac are asleep. In escaping the intruder slips into a muddy ditch. The following morning he notices one of Carl's shoes and stockings caked with mud. Pip discovers he has lost the vital treasure map which later turns up again. Mac finds a co of it boating on the river after Carl had fallen in the water. He reports the discovery to Pip and Berny. Convinced that Carl is up to no good, the boys alter 'details on the copied map before replacing it in Carl's pocket. When travelling to a fresh site. Berny rescues an injured lamb and takes the animal to its owner. The boys are invited to spend the night camping on the farm. Berny overhears Carl persuading Trevor to join with him in making off that night to get the treasure before the others.

CHAPTER TEN

Operation Moonlight

PIP and MAC had pitched their tent and were inside it, spreading the groundsheet. The rolled hike tent lay among the rucksacs in the centre of the field and Carl and Trevor were leaning against the in whispers. Berny walked across to them.

"This isn't the time to hang about, gossiping," He spoke sharply, anxious that neither should suspect that he had overheard their conversation. "Come along, show a leg! What about pitching your tent?"

"You're not P.L.," retorted Trevor cheekily. "Who d'you think you are, giving out orders?"

"Now then, nipper, let's keep it matey." Carl gripped Trevor's arm and started to walk towards the gear. "Berny's right, bless his little cotton socks; we're a couple of lazy-daisies."

Trevor giggled, glancing at Berny. There could be no doubt where Trevor had decided to plant his loyalty; Carl had won him over. Berny waited until they were carrying their tent towards the far side of the field, then he ran to where Mac and Pip were unrolling their sleeping bag.

"I want a word with you two. We'll go inside the tent, if you don't mind, where Carl and Trevor won't see us,"



"Sounds jolly furtive," remarked Pip, "What's bothering you!"

Berny did not answer until they were under the canvas. "It's Carl. You were absolutely right in what you said about him, Mac."

Mac laughed. "Meaning what? Pip said so many things about Carl you'll have to tell me which one you're referring to."

When you picked the map out of the river and we found he had traced it: you said it smelt of treachery."

"Why? have you found something more?"

Berny nodded, his lips pursed. "When I was in the barn - the two of them p-passed and I c-couldn't help overhearing. The plan is to break away from us, get hold of the treasure before we catch up with them and then beat it home. Carl's idea is to move off in the early hours, when we're asleep"

Pip gave a snort of contempt "Good luck to 'em, I say. We've altered his map, so he won't find the treasure without us. I say, let them go."

"I suppose," said Mac, "Trevor's in the plot too?"

"Hasn't much choice. poor kid," answered Berny. He's scared of Carl - wouldn't dare refuse. But we can't just let them walk out on us, Pip; Carl plans to take the cooking pots and the stores, and leave us stranded."

"Mutiny!" said Mac, thumping the groundsheet with his fist.

"That's what it is - mutiny! In the good old days they'd have been put in an open boat with a keg of water, a tin of ship's biscuits and no oars."

"You've got it, Mac!" Pip slapped him on the back, grinning. "Let's do just that. Let's treat them like mutineers."

"Don't see how we can," said Berny, puzzled. "It isn't as though we had a ship ..."

"Look." Pip lowered his voice, gazing through the flaps to make sure that neither Carl nor Trevor were within hearing. "This is how it's going to be: we wait till they're asleep, then we three do a silent get-away under cover of darkness. We shan't have to move far; provided we avoid lighting a fire, we could hide on those moors within half-a-mile of them and they'd never find us. We leave them with one billy can and a minimum of stores."

"And the false map." Mac nodded enthusiastically. "You've said it, Pip! I'll cook some rations on the quiet before we turn in - hard-boiled eggs and the like, so that if we do have to manage without a fire we shan't starve."

"And pack up Carl and Trevor's rations in a bag," said Pip.

"I'm not leaving them much; they don't deserve it."

"That's the plan, then." Pip glanced at his wrist watch. "We'll have a meal as soon as the fire's going and we'll make it an early night - try to be in bed by nine. If all goes well we ought to be able to move off before midnight."

"If we w-walked all night." said Berny, "we could even get to the treasure spot by breakfast."

"But we don't want to," said Pip. "Don't forget that Carl and Trevor are planning to move off tonight. As soon as they discover we've beaten them to it they'll rush off as fast as they can to the treasure, imagining that we're heading there too. But they mustn't catch up with us as easily as that; much better let them arrive there first and find out that Carl's map is a phoney one."

"Of course you're right," agreed Mac. "Meantime, I leave them with enough fodder for one day and no more, so they won't be able to hang about too long, waiting for us."

Unless Carl's got masses of money," said Berny. "Bet he has, too; he's that sort. In that case they'll be able to buy all the supplies they want in Melbury."

"Tomorrow's Bank Holiday," said Mac. "Let's hope all the Melbury shops are closed. Anyway, we'll have to risk it. Let's get on with the work."

Both Carl and Trevor were weary after the rough trek across the moor and when Pip suggested over supper everybody should go early to bed they raised no objection. Berny, glancing at Carl, intercepted a wink which was meant for Trevor; an early night, apparently, suited Carl's plans.

While Pip and Trevor did the washing up. Berny returned to the barn to take his photograph. Mac, meantime, was busy at the fire, cooking supplies for the midnight escape. Carl, anxious to avoid the chores, had conveniently disappeared.

When he returned all of them were inside their respective tents, the interiors lit by the moving lights of torches. Pip, sitting in his sleeping bag, greeted him with a thumbs-up gesture.

"Everything proceeding according to plan." He grinned. "Mac reckons there'll be a full moon in a couple of hours."

"I'm calling it Operation Moonlight," said Mac. "I've left the canvas bucket full of water beside the fire - thought we ought to see it safely out and the turfs replaced before we go; after Trevor's efforts with the tree, we can't risk leaving it for them to do." He patted a bulging paper bag which lay near his pillow. "These are their rations."



.. he crept across to the hike tent

I'll slip them inside their tent when we're ready to go."

"Try and get an hour's sleep," said Pip. "You're not guaranteed any return to your sleeping bag before the dawn breaks."

To Berny it seemed that his head had barely touched the pillow before he was awakened by Pip shaking him. He sat up, startled, and Pip laid a hand over his mouth.

"Whisper, for Pete's sake." He moved his hand. "Get dressed as quickly as you can, roll your sleeping bag, then you can help pack the tent. Mac's seeing to the fire."

"What's the idea?" asked Berny, rubbing his eyes and drawing his legs reluctantly out of the warm sleeping bag the night air seemed very chilly.

"Half-eleven. We want to move before midnight."

Pip was already dressed and while Berny struggled into his uniform he crept across to the hike tent to make sure that neither Carl nor Trevor were awake. He came back as Berny emerged from the tent.

"Both of them snoring like pigs. Got your rucksack packed? Good. Now there's only the tent."

The field was bathed brilliantly in moonlight, showing up every detail of the bounding fences. A sudden hissing of steam told that Mac had drenched the hot ashes preparatory to replacing the turfs; when Pip inspected the hearth ten minutes later no sign of the fireplace remained; even Carl and Trevor would have to search before they located the spot where last night's supper had been cooked.

Mac fetched the bag of supplies for the "mutineers" and tiptoed to the hike tent, placing it on the groundsheet inside the closed flaps. Pip and Berny waited for him, their rucksacks on their backs.

"Gosh! those two like a fug, don't they?"

Bet they don't wake till it's daylight. You got the route plotted, Pip?"

Pip nodded. "Nor'-east by the stars, till we come to the river again. If we follow it downstream it brings us to the two hills on Skip's map." "You lead, then."

They crossed the field in single file, climbed the fence furthest from the farmhouse and went down a steeply sloping track, into a copse. The moonlight threw a checkered pattern on the ground and it was difficult to discover a way through the trees, for the path had lost itself among the entangled undergrowth and they had to force their way through waist-high scrub. Once a pheasant broke from the bushes, clucking its alarm, dashed almost across Pip's feet and rose above the scrub with much noisy beating of wings and piercing cries of fear. A bramble trailer whipped across Mac's knees, drawing blood, and a few yards further on Berny tripped in a hidden hole and sat down heavily with an exclamation of pain.

"Noisy brute!" Pip cast a disapproving glance over his shoulder. "Good thing we're out of ear-shot of the field or you'd have had Carl and Trevor awake."

"I didn't mean to do it, idiot!" Berny retorted, rubbing his seat. "You want to try crashing down with your foot in a rabbit hole! Wonder I wasn't crippled for life Anyway, considering there isn't a living soul for miles..."

But Pip had turned and was tramping on. Beyond the copse fields of rough pasture sloped upwards until the last loose stone wall revealed the moor again, a rolling expanse of purple shadowed heather bathed by silver moonlight, pathless and deserted. As Pip straddled the wall a group of birds rose, flying in close formation, skimming the breast of the moor and breaking the solitude with panic-stricken cries of *gobak, gobak, gobak*.

"Look at those grouse!" Pip followed their passage till the uncertain light shrouded them from view. "Boy, if I'd had a gun!"

Berny, leaning on the wall, said, "You'd never have hit them; Bet they didn't appreciate being disturbed at this hour. How much longer are we pushing on for? I don't see why we couldn't have slept in the copse. I'm tired."

"Too near Carl and Trevor. The river can't be far now. It kind of circles round over there . . ." Pip made a vague, sweeping gesture with his right arm. "We've just got to keep going in a nor'-east direction, like I said, and we can't help meeting it again."

"We've only your word for that," said Berny. "Well, let's get moving."

"I worked it out on the map," said Pip; "didn't you see me, Mac? Checked the compass direction about half-a-dozen times." He pointed into the sky where the pole star winked down on them. "Look, there's the Plough away to our left; follow the pointers at the end and what do you see? The North Star, buddy, and if we keep it over our left shoulder we can't go wrong. We're bound to hit the river, like I said."

"Okay," said Berny wearily. "Let's get there; that's all."

Although the distance they covered was probably not more than a mile, the going was hard and slow. The ground rose and fell in great undulating waves, each crest revealing another valley as though the moor went on for ever. The tough heather knotted itself about their shoes and there were endless hidden pitfalls in the peaty earth beneath it. Then, suddenly they saw it: the glint of silver beyond an unexpected fringe of trees. Pip had proved himself a trustworthy guide.

There was no point in bothering to pitch the tent. They spread the groundsheet in a sheltered dip and Mac made a small, glowing 'fire which lasted 'sufficient time to heat a mixture of milk and water and make cocoa. They sat in their sleeping bags, their hands cupped around the steaming mugs, and ate the hard boiled eggs. The night was scented by heather and woodsmoke and a few yards away the river chattered merrily.

Pip woke them rudely in the early dawn, shaking them roughly by the shoulder and demanding that they should listen to him.

"What the dickens . . ." Mac made an unsuccessful effort to roll away from him. "It can't be time to get up yet."

Berny said, "It's not six. Honestly, Pip, we spent half the night -"

"Something frightful!" Pip interrupted him.

"I woke ten minutes ago and felt wide awake - you know how you do. I thought I'd have a dekko at the map - see where the next trek was going to take us.

But I haven't got it! I searched everywhere, though I know for absolute certain I stuck it in the small pocket of my rucsac."

"What, again?" Mac was half asleep.

"You don't mean to say Carl's got it again?"

"Not that map; I mean the O.S. one. I planned to make a bee-line for the hills, but I never bothered to note their direction - not from where we are now. We need that map."

"You must have some idea where to go," said Berny. "You can't tell -"

"It means following the river. You know what rivers are like - all twists and bends and doubling back on themselves. It might take us a week. We've got to have that map."

"Well, whatever you're going to do for Pete's sake get on and do it." said Mac, yawning. "What can you do anyway?"

"I must have dropped it - somewhere between here and the last camp. I'm going back."

"You'll never find it - not in a thousand years," said Berny. "We must have walked miles."

"The chance is that I dropped it soon after we left the field. I'd find it if I'd done that. And the most we've travelled is four miles, so there's no need to exaggerate. I'm going back."

"Rather you than me," said Berny, cuddling into his sleeping bag. "Wake us up with a cup of tea around nine, won't you?"

Mac was already snoring again. Pip gave a snort of disgust and began to pull on his stockings.

Trevor woke with a start and the uneasy feeling that something was wrong.

There was a finger of sunlight creeping under the tightly laced flaps and a blackbird singing nearby.

He sat up, crawled to the flaps and began to untie them. It was then that he noticed the brown bag on the end of the groundsheet.

Carl stirred.

"Get off my feet." He kicked at Trevor.

Trevor said, "Carl, there's a bag of food here. It wasn't here when we turned in."

Carl yawned, rubbing his eyes. "Well, I don't know anything about it. Who's -"

He was interrupted by Trevor's shocked exclamation. The flaps were open now and he was half outside.

"Carl. they've gone!

They haven't even left -the fireplace! There isn't anyone - only us."

Carl shot out of his blankets with unaccustomed speed. "Of all the lousy tricks!" He stood surveying the empty field, shivering. "I suppose you spilled the beans, They knew!"

"I never said a word - honest, Carl.

Now they've left us stranded. I wish I'd never listened to your stupid scheme."

"Snap out of it." Carl thrust on his plimsolls and walked slowly to where a rectangular depression in the grass was the only sign of the Herons' recent presence.

"They won't get it all their own way. I've still got a trick up my sleeve."

"But what about food?" Trevor came uncertainly to his side. "And - and we've nothing to cook with."

"There's a billycan by the tent, you blind bat," answered Carl testily, "and enough food in the bag for our breakfast. Well, you stop whining and go and cook it. I've still got the treasure map, haven't I?" He patted the pocket of his shirt. "We'll be there before they've gone half-a-mile, you see! I'm not beaten yet, not by a long chalk. You go and get me some breakfast and give over snivelling."

"But there isn't any fire. . ."

"I'll soon light a fire. Hullo, what's this?" He bent down and picked something up. "If it isn't old Pip's precious ordnance survey map. Well, I guess that's just what we want."

He tore it open and ripped it into small pieces, piling them in a pyramid on the grass; gathering an armful of twigs from the verge of the wood, he poured them over the paper. He struck a match and, sitting on his heels, watched the paper burn.

The wood was damp and consented to catch only after much coaxing and blowing. The slow, smokey fire which scarred the turf produced burned porridge and a lukewarm billy of tea on the surface of which tea leaves floated in a black mass. While Trevor took down the tent and rolled up their bedding, Carl stamped out the fire and, leaving the charred remains of its sticks smouldering on the grass, crammed their belongings into Trevor's rucksac.

Both of them looked filthy. Blowing the fire had covered their faces with smuts and their hands were dirty and unwashed. But Carl was determined to be away as quickly as possible. Even the billycan tied to Trevor's rucksac was still sticky with an unappetizing mixture of porridge and tea leaves.

"You can't leave the fire like that," Trevor protested, bowed beneath the weight of the rucksac from which dangled their rolled blankets, leaving Carl with nothing to carry but the small tent and its groundsheet. "We ought to clear up."

"You stop and clear up if you want to," retorted Carl contemptuously. "I'm not stopping for anyone. The sooner we reach the main road the better I'll be pleased. Let's hope we don't have to wait long before someone arrives to give us a hitch."

"Hitch a car?" Trevor stumbled after him. "But Scouts aren't allowed to hitch-hike; Pip told me

"Who cares about Scouts!" Carl did not even turn. "I'm getting to Melbury at top speed, that's what I'm doing. And I hope there's somewhere where I can buy a decent meal."

"But this is a Scout game," protested Trevor. "If you're a Scout -"

Carl paused at the gate which led into the stackyard, grinning contemptuously.

"But I'm not a Scout, ducks - never have been; that was a leg pull to impress your friends. Matter of fact, I did join a Troop once - ages ago, but they threw me out - reckon I mucked about too much."

"But all your badges. You told us . . ."

Borrowed the whole kit from the kid next door luckily he happens to be my size. Now, see here, from now on we're playing the game my way and you'd better make up your mind to co-operate."

Trevor made a gesture of despair. "I haven't any choice."

"Well then, snap out of it and come on. I'm getting that treasure, fair means or foul, see?"

(Continued on page 19)



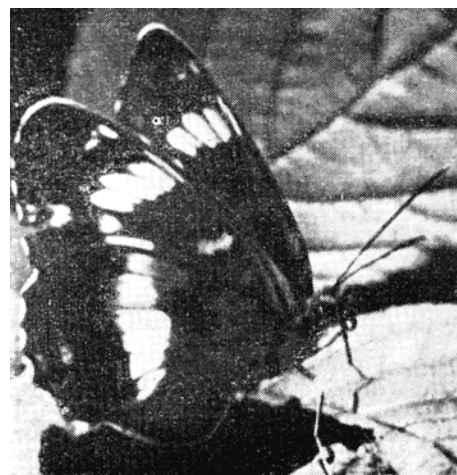
No. 14 in the series
by L. Hugh Newman

Butterfly Biography

THE WHITE ADMIRAL

Where. This black insect with wide white bands across all four wings is perhaps the most graceful butterfly we have in England. Watch it gliding and then fluttering along a woodland riding and then settling on a bramble flower with half open wings, and you will realise why some people like to call it the Sylvan Empress. As it flies in much the same type of country as the Purple Emperor, this name is rather apt. The underside colouring is far more beautiful than the sombre black and white upper side, and when at rest, with wings closed, you can see the rusty-brown ground colour with three rows of black spots between the white bands and the outer margin, which is edged with white crescents. The area between the white band and the body is covered in misty blue scales. The White Admiral can be found in wooded country as far north as Huntingdon, and is apparently increasing its range each year.

When. This butterfly spends the winter hibernating as a small caterpillar inside a folded honeysuckle leaf, secured to the stem of the plant by silken threads, it awakens in early April and begins to nibble at the new young growth. Fully grown it is a fantastic creature. It is dark green, sprinkled with white dots, and a white line, edged with pinkish-purple, runs just above the legs. On five of the eleven segments of its body are pairs of long, branching red-brown spines, looking like pieces of fern, and shorter hairy spines decorate the other segments. The second and third segments are much larger than the rest, giving the body an uneven, humped shape. Before pupating the caterpillar spins a pad of silk on a leaf stalk and hangs head downwards. The chrysalis is equally strange and irregular in shape. The head carries two car-like points, and on the body is a prominent keel shaped hump like a hooked nose. This hump and the "ears" are dull brown, while the rest is bright green, with a few olive streaks and marks, lavishly decorated with brilliant silver spots that reflect the light like jewels. The White Admiral emerges in mid-July and flies - during most of August.



*Photo:
Walter C.
Murray*



your first class test in PICTURES



by John Annandale & Robert Dewar

TWENTY-SEVENTH WEEK

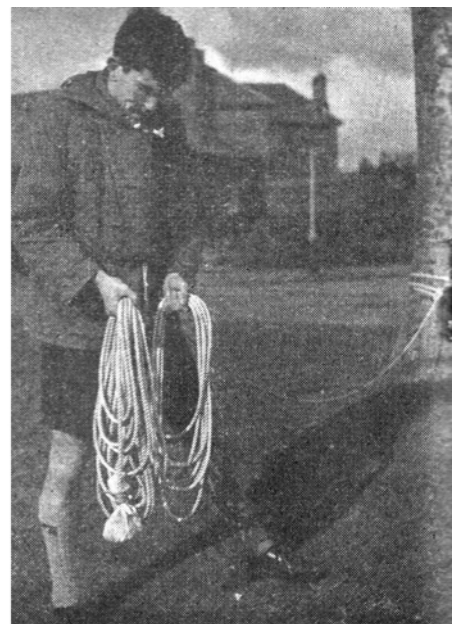
EMERGENCIES (iii) DROWNING

Every Scout who is able to swim should try to learn how to rescue people who get into difficulties in water. Sometimes, however, it is dangerous for a would-be rescuer to swim out to a person who may be drowning and other methods should be used.



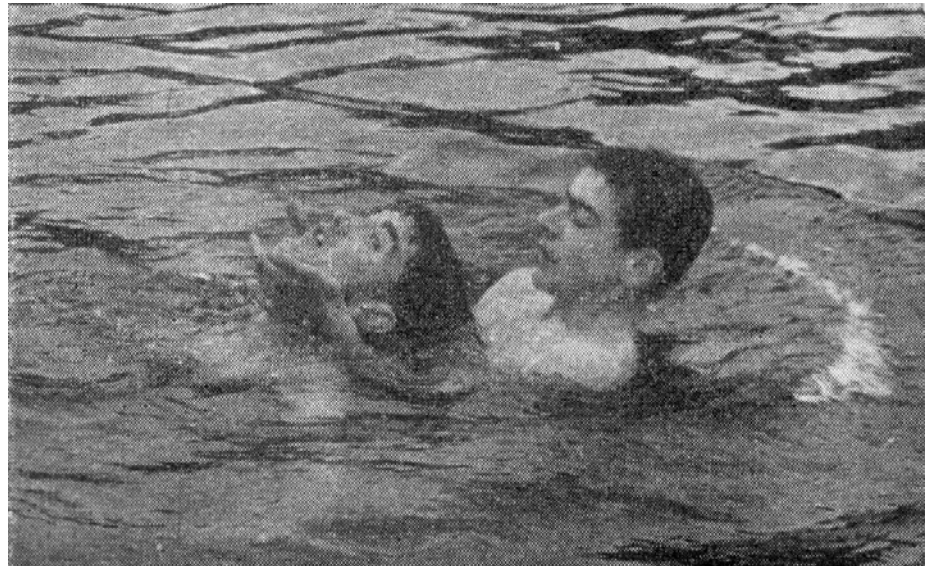
Sometimes it is possible to pull a person ashore with a stick

Knowing how to throw a life-line accurately may be the means of saving a drowning person. This is the sort of thing you can practice alone. From our picture sequence, note particularly that one end of the rope is, fastened around a tree or other suitable object; make the actual throw with about a third of your coiled rope; when throwing keep a good stance and keep your eye on the place where you want the rope to land.



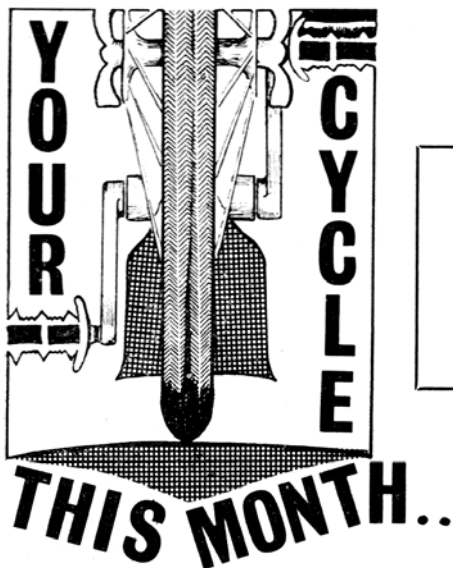


Should it be safe to swim, here are two suggestions for bringing a drowning person back to dry land. These are only glimpses, however, and you will need proper training for effective rescue.



NEXT WEEK

Further
advice on
rescue
from
Drowning



by
H. J.
WAY

Basic essential is a strong rear carrier, firmly fixed. This will hold pannier bags, one each side, and a tent (rolled in groundsheet) on the top. Above, suspended from the saddle, a saddlebag will hold extra equipment and your waterproof cape and souwester are strapped -on outside this.

If, because your saddle needs to be low, there's not enough room for a full-size bag, put another carrier or support on the front of the cycle - to hold a small extra bag suspended from the handlebar. In any case, it's a good idea to put some of your equipment at the front: the bicycle rides better with the weight distributed.

Use proofed canvas bags: they're tougher and -last longer. See that the fastening straps are strong, too. If you can't buy a suitable front bag, adapt a Services-type pack.

Keep your clothing to the minimum (drip-dry and crease-resistant materials help), but don't leave out essential things like spare socks and underclothes, a towel, an extra woolly, etc. Use polythene bags to keep clothing separated from food or utensils that may have to be packed in the same bag. Use the front bag or side pockets (easily accessible) for items you may need along the road - e.g. tools, first-aid kit, maps, handkerchiefs, sun-glasses, chocolate.

Hints on this and many other cycling matters are, incidentally, given in handy form in *Cycles and Cycling* - No. 7 of the Scout Self-Taught series of booklets, which costs only 2s. from the Scout Shop.

CYCLE-CAMPING IN the summer holidays? Or cycling out to the Troop Camp? Let's check your kit and how you'll pack and carry it

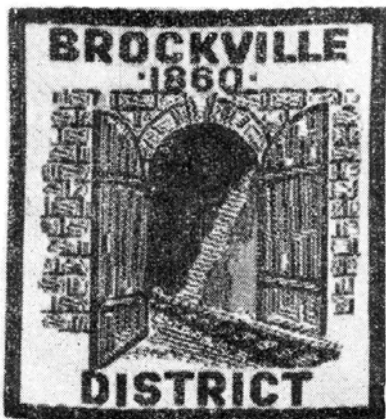
PLASTIC MODEL NEWS

The announcement on page 15 of this issue about the Revell "Spot the Ship" Contest will certainly set some plastic modellers "a-modelling". Full details and entry forms may be obtained from any Revell dealer. The organisers tell us that the winner of the trip to New York may also take his Father or any companion of his choice.

Writing about America, this continent also features in the latest release of plastic models from Airfix who have produced three boxes of figures and fighting equipment, all connected with the American Civil War of 1861-1865.



BADGE OF THE MONTH



In 1860 Canada's first railway tunnel was built under the town of Brockville (Ontario) to reach the St. Lawrence waterfront. As you can see on the badge, doors were built on the entrance and exit, to prevent cattle entering at night. They are still closed each evening, although there are now no cattle in the vicinity.

The tunnel runs under the main part of the town, but although the tracks are still there, the railway makes little use of it; access to the waterfront being mainly by another route.

The establishment of the town dates from the Loyalist settlement of 1784, when William Bull obtained the site and built a house on the St. Lawrence waterfront. In early days the place was called Elizabethtown, but in 1812 its name was changed to Brockville, in honour of General Brock, who had been killed earlier that year. He had played a prominent part in the war in 1812, and has been described as the heart, soul, and defence of Canada in those stormy early days.

This is only one of many badges which illustrate facets of Canada's colourful history. Others depict locomotives, covered waggons, Red Indians, buffalo and, of course, the Mounties.

Puppets as a Hobby—1

by R. W. Parry

Ever thought of going in for Puppetry? It's not all that difficult if you have a bit of "know how".

What are Puppets? Simply small figures controlled by your own hand or by strings. There are three main types of Puppets, the Glove Puppet, the Hand and Rod Puppet and the string Marionette. As the Glove type is the easiest to make and operate we will deal with it first.

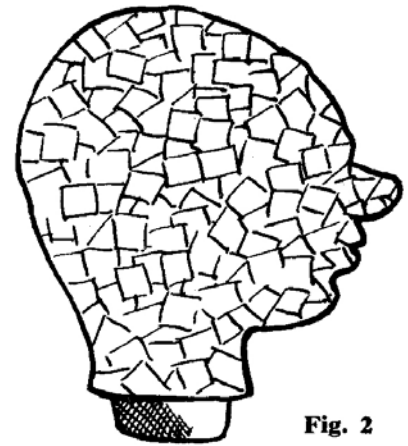


Fig. 2

Head covered with 8 layers of newspaper

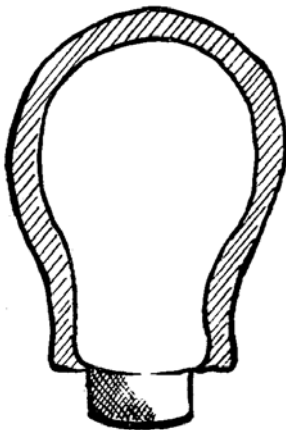


Fig. 1

Electric light bulb covered with plasticine



Head with features modelled on

There are a few basic principles which apply to all types of Puppets. The heads should always be a little on the large side. The features rather big and very definite in character so that they show up at a distance. The painting of the face should be kept very simple with strong bold colouring, likewise clothes. Avoid all fussy details, these are quite unnecessary and often detract from the general effect.

Making a Glove Puppet - start with the head. You will need about half a pound of Plasticine, a little grease such as vaseline, a packet of cold water paste, a roll of sticky tape, a small piece of muslin, several newspapers, an old electric light 40 or 60 watt bulb, a paste brush, a modelling stick or small spoon, a sharp penknife and a small jar is useful.

Thoroughly grease the bulb, cover smoothly with about half an inch of Plasticine bringing it well down the neck of the bulb; you will find the jar useful to stand the head in from time to time.

With the stick or spoon handle, press in the eye sockets and roll two little balls of Plasticine for the eyes, two thin rolls for eyebrows, a thick, rather wedge-shaped roll for the nose, two rolls for the lips, two bean shaped pieces for ears, a flat ball for each cheek and a fairly large ball for the chin. Model these to rough shape remembering to keep the features very prominent. (Fig. 1.)

Next cover the head with the piece of muslin slightly damp and gently but firmly press it into all the contours of the face, taking great care not to spoil your modelling.

Tear (not cut) some newspaper into pieces about in inch square and mix some paste according to the instructions on the packet. Brush paste all over the head and then cover with pieces of paper using plenty of paste as you go along. Be sure you get them well into all crevices and give a good overlap to each piece. You continue with this until you have put on eight layers taking care to cover the whole head and neck each time. If you can manage two different kinds of newspaper, say a comic and an ordinary one, this helps to keep track of this. (Fig. 2.) Now stand the head in the jar and leave to dry in a warm room for at least 24 hours.

When quite dry, this is important, take your pen-knife and it must be very sharp, cut very carefully down each side of the head going behind the ears, gently prise the two halves off the bulb and dig out the Plasticine leaving a little in the nose, ears and chin for strength. Hold the halves up to the light to see if there are any thin places, if so, paste a few more pieces of paper over them then join the head up again with small pieces of sticky tape. When all this is quite dry, smooth the whole head very gently with fine glass paper, if you have any, if not it doesn't matter. (Fig. 3.)

The neck hole will probably be too large for your finger so cut some strips of newspaper about 2" wide and wind these round and round your finger, pasting as you go, until the whole is thick enough to fit snugly into the Puppet's neck. Fix in place with a little paste. The head is now ready for painting.

(To be continued)

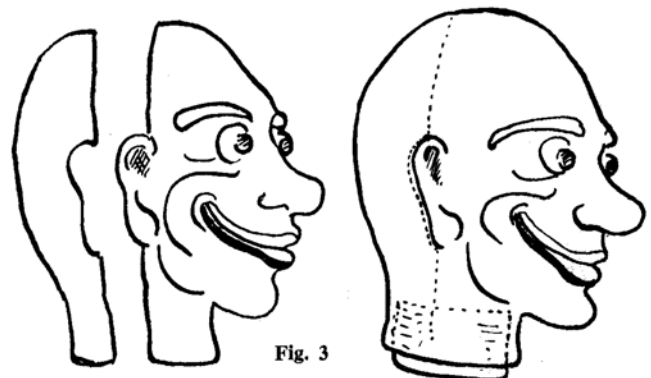


Fig. 3

Head cut and prised off Light bulb

Head rejoined with paper, finger grip fitted



Manage to Cook

One year when I took my Troop to Camp my Patrol Leaders were pretty raw and inexperienced. They worked very well however, and the only time they fell a trifle short of standard was at meal times and with some of their cooking. Perhaps some of the blame for the cooking should lie on my doorstep for not briefing them properly but certainly not all of it. On one occasion they were given packeted custard to make, but the stuff they produced wasn't even fit for the Troop Leader!

It was terrible. One Patrol sprinkled custard over the top of luke warm water and wondered why they couldn't get rid of the lumps and the others forgot about the sugar and made it as stodgy as foam rubber. It makes me sick to even think about it! What grieved me however, was the fact that, to make proper custard all the P.L.'s had to do was *follow the instructions on the packet*. Ignorance of the recipe was no excuse - they were merely bad managers.

I'm sure that many of you who read this will be pretty raw at the culinary art as well, so I thought that, amidst the excitement of "The Scout National Cooking Competition", a few words of advice on good plain cooking and management wouldn't go amiss.

Good cooks seldom seem to flap. They take things easy and often seem hardly to be working, but all the time they are watching and waiting and managing. All the dishes are brought along together so that when the meal is served the courses follow each other without a gap. Nothing annoys a Scouter more than to be called for lunch to find that only the soup is ready. Invariably the custard follows ten minutes later and after a gap of half an hour the mince and still hard potatoes are served. Experience should help to clear this hurdle but it could be avoided by good management from the start.

Preamble over, let's start with the fire because unless you have a good fire you can't cook well. Trench or altar? Take your pick but make sure the fire is long enough to take all the pots you'll use and wide enough to heat the bottom of the biggest dixie.

You will almost certainly need to use a fire grid of some sort.

Light your fire some time before you start to cook so that you will have a fine bed of ashes and the fire burning along the whole length. Remember the best heat doesn't come from flames but glowing embers. Looking after the fire is a full time job and shouldn't always be allocated to the Tenderfoot.

The preparation of the food is very important and should be done as hygienically as possible. Hands should always be clean so you must have soap and water available at all times. It is also advisable to have a clean table top for working on and this can usually be arranged at Troop camps. Make sure your dixies are clean and the right size for the job in hand - don't boil an egg in a tea urn!

All you have to do now P.L., is follow your instructions, watch, wait, use your head and manage. If you plan your meal immediately you are given your instructions all you will have to do is see that the Scouts carry out their tasks and then check on essentials. These are:

(a) Check that all seasoning has been carried out. Salt is often missed and the P.L. should always take the blame.

(b) Sugar, believe it or not, is sometimes missed too, so check up on that.

(c) Never let anything bum. It's not good for the food, the dixie or your inside and is seldom unavoidable.

(d) Don't let dishes lag behind or come on too fast. This can often happen to potatoes which need as much watching as the meat course.

Cut in small pieces and boiled briskly they come on quickly but if you don't cut them up and hardly simmer them they will take ages. Just check to see that all the dishes will be ready at the right time.

(e) If your Scouter is like me and likes his cup of tea see that it is ready in time and that the fire is kept going to heat the washing up water.

Finally, serve the meal decently and eat it nicely.

One should only have to say "eat nicely" to young children but Scouts' manners sometimes leave much to be desired.

My P.L.'s. can cook excellent custard now and I think they will improve as the year goes on.

If you follow your recipe and remember what I've told you it won't be long before you are a chef par excellence.

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Tales told near a Crocodile

a collection of stories from Nyanza

by Humphrey Harman

(3)

The Year with Three Names

The people who live around the Lake do not give years numbers as we are accustomed to do, they give them names instead. These are usually connected with some great happenings that took place during the year; for instance the one that we call in our dull way 1938, they call The Year of Buses because it was then that buses first came to that part of the world.

In some ways this causes difficulties it's very confusing to strangers, and then no year ever gets a name until it's over, because until it is, how do you know what the name is going to be?

But then the people who live around the Great Lake are not very interested in the troubles of strangers and they argue that it is stupid to name a year that is still growing. "Everyone knows about this year," they say. "It's here and there's only one of it. It's over the hundreds that have gone past the folk need the help of names."

There was, however, one year a long, long time ago which had three names and people cannot quite agree about which should be the right one. This is because three startling things happened in that year and it is impossible to say which is the most important. You had better listen and see what you think.

* * *

The Year of Nyangondhu's Cattle

THIS is the first name.

Nyangondhu was a fisherman and he was unlucky and very poor. The few fish that he caught he did by means of huge basket traps which he used to bait and lower to the bottom of a shallow part of the lake. There was a rope tied to each basket and, at the end of this, a piece of light wood which floated on the top of the water so that Nyangondhu



... he pulled and strained ...

could find his traps.

One day, in the year about which we are talking, Nyangondhu went out in his canoe to pull up the traps and see what he had caught. The first two were empty, in the third there was a green crab, but when he began pulling at the next rope he at once felt that there was something heavy below.

"Ho, ho!" he cried. "My luck has changed. There's a fine haul of fish here."

He pulled and strained and grunted and at last he got the basket into the boat and in it there were no fish at all, only a small, bent, ugly, old woman.

When Nyangondhu had got over his surprise he was so disgusted that he set about tipping her back into the lake but at this the old woman set up a great outcry.

"Eh!" she squawked, "don't be so unkind as to throw me into the water again. Please take me home with you. I promise you won't regret it."

"Take you home!" exclaimed Nyangondhu. "It's hard enough to keep myself alive on what I earn without having to feed an ugly old besom like you."

However, he was persuaded to do as

she asked and so out of the basket she came and home to Nyangondhu's poor hut and there, rather grudgingly, he let her share his supper.

"Well," he said, when the meal was done, "you said that it would be worth while to bring you home. What great reward am I going to get for my trouble? Speak up, I'm all ears and could bear to hear about a little good luck."

The old woman told him that the next evening he would be the owner of a great herd of cattle and that he must spend tomorrow building a strong fence to keep them from straying. And that was all Nyangondhu could get from her, ask what questions he might.

"Do as I say and you'll not regret it," she said, and went to bed leaving him grumbling.

However, there was something about this old woman which impressed him, for the next day he did build a fence with branches of thorn tree and had it finished by about an hour before sunset.

No sooner was the last stroke of work done than, down by the lake, in the direction from which he had fished up the old woman, there came the blaring of cattle on the move.

Nyangondhu pricked up his ears and ran to find there a fine herd of beasts, heifers, cows and calves, all red and white. with spreading barns and swinging tails and a great bull in the lead with a bell round its neck.

Up the shore they plodded, through the opening in his new fence, and settled down for the night as through this was what they had been doing every night of their lives.

Now a new life began for Nyangondhu, no longer a poor fisherman but one of the richest men for miles around. He bought land and married a wife and sat with the important old men of the district, stroking his beard and saying in a lordly way when people asked for his advice: "Go away. I'm busy. Come again tomorrow and bring a present with you, and perhaps I'll consider the matter."

Half the year passed and one day Nyangondhu went to a feast in a neighbouring village and there, as was becoming his habit, he drank far more beer than was wise.

When it was late at night and the parts ended he went home, a little unsteady on his feet, and longing for someone with whom he could quarrel. When he arrived he found the doors locked and everyone in bed.

"Open!" he shouted. "Open up for the master of the house!"

But nobody heard him.

Then Nyangondhu became very angry. - What! " he cried, "no respect for an important man like myself Where's that useless old body I pulled out of the lake? What are you up to. you ungrateful old hag? Get up and open the door!"

No sooner were the last words out of his mouth when the door opened and the old woman stood before him. She looked very stern and said Nyangondhu. you've abused me without reason. I'm too old to live with people who have neither gratitude nor manners.

Tomorrow I'll go back to where I belong."

"Hoity toity! And good riddance to you!" shouted Nyangondhu, and they both took themselves to bed.

The old woman woke up early the next morning.

She left the blankets of her bed neatly folded; the dishes and bowls from which she ate, clean and in order; the room swept and tidy and her stool in the middle.

From the house she took nothing, but she went to the cattle fence and opened the gate. Then she walked down to the shore and into the lake and the cattle followed her, walking two by two, until she and all of them had vanished.

Nyangondhu remained a poor fisherman, as he had been before.

... a fine
herd of
beasts



VERY IMPORTANT! If you write to one of these Scouts enclosing badges you should also ENCLOSE A STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE. When writing to a Commonwealth country, instead of stamps enclose "Commonwealth Reply Coupons" (5d. each) or if to a country not in the Commonwealth, "International Reply Coupons" (1/- each). These may be obtained at main post offices. It may be some time before you get a reply because your correspondent may get a large number of letters. Any Scout who asks for his name to be put in Swops" is expected on his Scout's honour to reply to all enquiries resulting from it.

S.S. L Dewbeast, 125 Whitegate Dr., Blackpool. Lanes. - Has N.W. Lancs. for Bristol, Co. Down. Welsh, Scottish RB.s (swop up to 6 a time). Blackpool Camporee B.s and Pennants for best offers of all B.s.

J. R. Martin-Law, 22 Elgin Rd., Freemantle. Southampton. Hants. - Has Liverpool, Oxford. Suffolk, Guernsey (Scout & Guide). W. Glam.. I.O.M. Hants C.B.'s. I.O.W. Rover D.B.s, Welsh Dragons for others esp. Irish. Welsh, Scottish. Northern England.

Norman Bond, "Greeba", Chapel Lane, Longton, Nr. Preston, Lanca. - Has N.W. Lanca. C.B.'s for others.

P.L. John Airey, 3 Rosemeade Ave., Lostock Hall. Preston. Lancs. - Has N.W. Lancs., Old Lancs., Norfolk C.B.'s and 1st Lostock Hall. old and new and Hainonds name tapes for others.

David Hamilton, 34 Burnbank Rd., Grandemouth. Stirlingshire. - Has Stirlingshire. Fife, Edinburgh C.B.'s for others.

W. H. W. Henderson Shaw Cottage Kingswood Way. Sefsdon. Surrey. - Has Surrey Lions and name tapes for others.

J.P. Cox, 45 Park Rd., Kempaton. Bedford. - Wishes to swop name tapes.

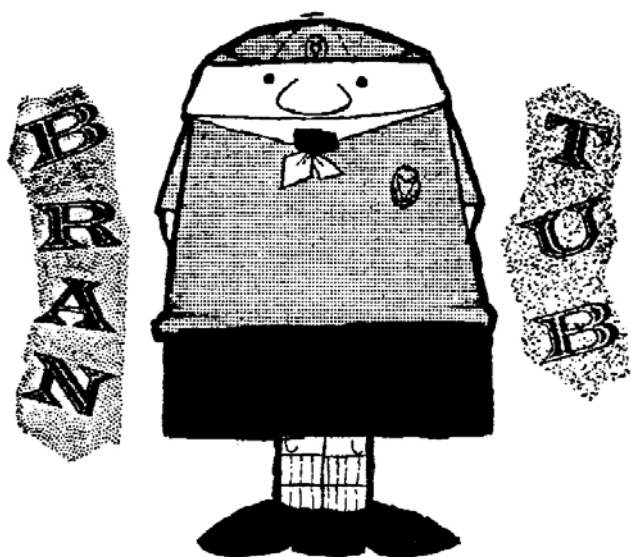
S.M. D. Jenkins, 52 Mary St. Larga Bay, South Australia. - Has S. Australian. Victorian. W. Australian. limited number of Australian Jamboree 1960-61 for any C.B.'s. D.B.'s

B. Thompson, 28 Dunsford Rd., Susethwick. Staffs. - Has Blrspingham. Smethwick C.B.'s for others. (Must be in good condition.)

S.S. Rex C. LeGrice, 22 Devore St., St. Heliers Bay. Aucklan, El, New Zealand - Has Auckland C.B.'s for others exc. Australia. N.Z.

S.S. Anthony Calland, 86 fladnor Dr., Southport, Lancs. - Has SW. Lancs. for others exc. Oxford, Devon, London.

No. 340 by SAMBANG



BIBLE SPONGE SANDWICH

Yes, a Bible Sponge Sandwich! At least that is what my Wolf Cub friend, Archie, called it when he gave me a lovely big chunk of a sandwich cake with cream filling which he had just made.

“Why do you call it that?” I asked. Archie smiled, as only a mischievous Wolf Cub can, and said, “Well, Sambang, I’ll give you the recipe and you can try it out for yourself, and if you can think of a better name for it I’ll be very surprised”.

I pass it on to you now, in the hope that some of you, will be keen enough to try it out.

You will require:-

- (a) 4 oz. of Jeremiah 6, verse 20;
- (b) 4 oz. of Judges 5, verse 25;
- (c) 4 oz. of I Kings 4, verse 22 (self-raising);
- (d) 2 oz. of Jeremiah 17, verse 11 and
- (e) 1 tablespoonful of hot Revelation 21, verse 6.

IF YOU are planning to grow lettuce in your garden, expect you will buy a packet of seed and then sow it in the garden. That is what most people do, but Nature has its own way of sowing seed. It is called “Seed Dispersal” and is the way in which various seeds from trees and plants are scattered all over the countryside, making it the beautiful place that it is.

How is it done? Let us look at a few of the method used.

Very light seeds and winged seeds rely on the wind to carry them, and at times they travel many miles. The seed of the Ash Tree is an example of the winged seed, while the Dandelion is a good example of the light seed carried by the wind. If you look at the Dandelion seed carefully you will see that it has a small parachute at the top of each seed which helps to keep them in the air.

Other seed cases explode when they are ripe, and if you are out in the country on a warm, sunny day in the summer you may hear popping, cracking sounds as seeds, such as the Broom, burst open and scatter.

Hooked seeds or burrs, as they are sometimes called, are very common.

They cling to the fur and feathers of animals and are often carried long distances before falling off. Perhaps you have seen them sticking to your stockings and your clothing after a romp in the grass.

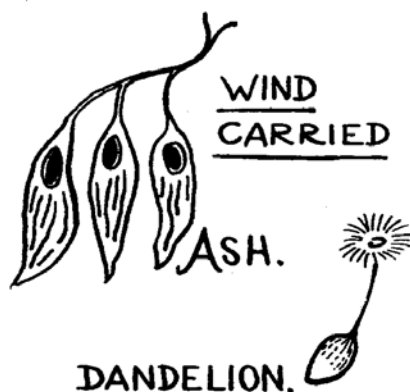
The stems of some plants bend and spring back with the wind, and as they do so, the seeds are shaken out of their seed cases and fall to the ground. The seeds don’t travel so far this way, but here again Nature has provided for the sowing of seed and the Poppy is a good example of this method.

There are other methods. I wonder if you can think of any. Next time I’ll tell you about a few more, but in the meantime try and think about some of the seeds which are scattered by the method I mentioned.

You will find all the ingredients in the above mentioned texts, and sweet cane is just the same as sugar. After you have got all the ingredients together, follow these instructions:-

Cream (a) and (b), then add (d) one at a time. Add (c) and finally (e). Now follow Solomon’s prescription or making a good boy (Proverbs 23, verse 14), place in two round sandwich tins and bake in oven set at 425 deg. (Regulo 7) for twenty minutes. You will now have a lovely sandwich cake which you can fill with jam or butter icing.

Archie says that it keeps very well, but the one I made was so good that it was eaten up at once!



WIND
CARRIED

ASH.

DANDELION.

Hooks



HERB BENNET.

EXPLOSION.



PEA.

SWAYING.



POPPY

HERONS' QUEST (continued from page 9)

A rutted track led from the stackyard on to a broad, metalled road. They sat on the verge by the gate, waiting in uneasy silence.

Presently a distant cloud of dust heralded the approach of a motor vehicle. Carl sprang into the roadway, waving his arms, as an open lorry tore down upon him at considerable speed. The brakes squealed as it halted beside him. There were two men in the cab.

"Melbury? We're passing near there. You can climb up behind if you want to." The man jerked his thumb towards the rear.

Carl had already thrown the tent over the side and was scrambling on to the mudguard. Trevor shouted to him to take the rucsac and heave him up, but as he put his leg over the side the lorry shot forward and if Carl had not had hold of him he would have been flung into the road. The vehicle rumbled, leaped and shook as its speed increased.

Better than hiking, eh?" Carl had to shout to make himself heard. "We'll show 'em a thing or two, you see!"

Trevor did not reply. The interior of the lorry was black with coal dust and as its speed increased the coal dust rose and whirled about them, filling their throats and eyes and covering their clothes.

NEST WEEK: SPY GLASS

THIS WEEK'S COVER

Senior Air Scout David Short from Croydon "batting off" a glider during a training course at Lasham Airfield (Fox Photos)

PEN PALS WANTED

Scout J. Bentley (14 ½), 83, Thicknesse Avenue Beech Hill, Wigan, Lanes - Scout or Guide pen-pal anywhere (English speaking). Hobbies: Scouting, pets, swimming, cycling.

Scout J. Robinson (14), 18, Gidlow Houses, Wigan, Lanes. - Scout or Guide pen-pal (English speaking) anywhere. Hobbies Scouting, pets, stamps, sport.

P.L.(S) Geoff Reid (17), 11, Belmont Close, Farnborough, Hants - Ranger pen-pal in G.B. Hobbies: Scouting, Papyrophyly, plays bugle in F.G.S. C.C.F. Corp of Drums. Photo please.


P/2nd(S) Harry Joel (17), 13, Cabrol Road, Farnborough, Hants - Ranger pen-pal in Gt.B. Hobbies : The Arts. plays side-drum for F.G.S. C.C.F. Corp of Drums. Photo please.

John Lobb, 18, London House, R.A.F. North Front, Gibraltar - Scout or Guide pen-pal in Canada, New Zealand, U.S.A. or Australia (English speaking). Hobbies : Scouting, stamps, swimming, badges, coins, football. Photo if poss.

Tony Boden, 16, London House, R.A.F. North Front, Gibraltar. - Scout pen-pal in Germany or Canada 13-15 (English speaking). Hobbies : stamps, badges, Scouting. swimming. Photo if pass.

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